

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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FLYING GURNARDS.

HERE we have a curiosity in nature! Flying fish! Some of our young readers may never have heard of such things, and to them it will sound almost too strange to believe. And if a person were to tell them of such a thing as a fish leaving the water and flying through the air, and often alighting on decks of ships, they would consider it an attempt to impose upon their credulity. But if they were inclined to doubt the existence of the flying fish, what would they think if we were to tell them about the "flying cat" or "flying fox," the "flying opossum" and the "flying squirrel?" All these are animals that really exist, and we shall probably tell our readers about them on some future occasion; but for the present

we merely want to say something about flying fish—more particularly that class of flying fish of which we here have a picture—the

"Flying Gurnards."

The Flying Gurnards represent one of two families of the finny tribe that possess the peculiar faculty of being able, by the use of their large fins, which serve the purpose of wings also, to sustain themselves in the air a sufficient time to ascend to a considerable height and fly to a distance varying in different species from forty to two hundred yards or even farther. These fishes are found generally in the tropical seas, where their flight is said to be one of the most interesting and pleasing spectacles there found to relieve the monotony of a voyage.



One species of the Gurnard, which is very common in the Mediterranean, and which is about fifteen inches in length, is especially noticeable on the approach of rough weather, at night, when numbers of them may be seen flying through the air by the phosphoric light which they emit, and which makes them appear when flying almost like arched streams of fire.

It frequently happens that the larger sea birds prey upon these fishes during their flights; and it is said also that they are often pursued and overtaken by the cyrophene, or dolphin, the latter even taking great leaps out of the water to secure its prey. Probably from this cause the flying fishes have been regarded by many as the most persecuted of all creatures, being exposed to dangers both when in the sea and in the air.

There is a difference of opinion among writers in regard to the manner in which these fishes fly, some claiming that they use their pectoral, or side, fins as wings, and others that they do not, but that they merely serve the purpose of parachutes, or kites to sustain their bodies when up in the air. Although they sometimes ascend as high as twenty feet in the air and often fall on the decks of ships, they more frequently skim along near the surface of the water.

The natives of the South Sea Islands are in the habit of catching these fish in nets attached to light poles. To do so they go out in canoes with torches, which either dazzle or attract the fish so they can secure them. They are generally considered very palatable.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

DURING the journey to Zion, the brethren of the Camp often came in contact with snakes, many of which were of a poisonous character. Joseph instructed them not to kill a serpent, bird or animal of any kind during the journey, unless it were necessary to preserve themselves from hunger. On one occasion some of the brethren, while pitching Joseph's tent, saw three rattlesnakes, and were about to kill them; but Joseph told them to let them alone, and not to hurt them. He then proceeded to explain to them what was right under the circumstances. He asked them, how the serpent would ever lose its venom while the servants of God possessed the same disposition, and made war upon serpents whenever they saw them. "Men," said he, "must first become harmless themselves, before they can expect the brute creation to be so. When men lose their vicious dispositions and cease to destroy the animal race, the lion and the lamb can dwell together, and the sucking child play with the serpent with safety."

How much wisdom there was in such teaching! Yet men do not think of it. How common it is for men to take the lives of snakes, birds and animals for sport! Some men and boys kill every snake and bird they can reach. Some little boys and girls will catch flies and other little insects and pull off their wings and otherwise torment them. If they can get hold of a cat or dog, they never seem to be easy unless they are teasing and hurting it. Now, children, such conduct is very wrong. The Lord is not pleased with it. It is cruel to take life unnecessarily, or to hurt anything that has life. Just think how you would feel if a strong man were to take

hold of you, and pull your hair, pinch your ears, tweak your nose and kick and cuff you around without pity! You would bawl lustily for help, and think him a very cruel man. If insects and animals could speak, when you hurt or try to kill them, they would also call you cruel and tyrannical.

One day a brother in the Camp, by the name of Solomon Humphrey, who was older than most of the brethren, became very tired through traveling, and lay down on the prairie to rest. He soon fell asleep. At the time he dropped asleep he had his hat in his hand. When he awoke, he saw a rattlesnake coiled up between his hat and himself, and not more than a foot from his head. Just at this moment some of the brethren came up, and gathered around him, saying: "it is a rattlesnake, let us kill it;" but Brother Humphrey said: "No. I'll protect him; you shan't hurt him, for he and I have had a good nap together." The snake had not hurt him, and why should he kill the snake? Do you not think it was better for him to let it live than to kill it?

When the Camp was in the vicinity of the Illinois river they discovered a high mound, on the top of which they found some stones which presented the appearance of three altars, one above another, according to the ancient pattern. They dug into the mound, and at about one foot beneath the surface, they came to the skeleton of a man. Between the ribs they found the stone point of a Lamanitish arrow, which had evidently produced his death. While contemplating this scene Joseph had the vision of the past opened to his understanding by the Spirit of the Almighty. He discovered that the person whose skeleton they had seen was a white Lamanite—a large, thick-set man, and a man of God. His name was Zelph, and he was a warrior and chieftain under the great prophet Onandagus, who was known from the Eastern Sea to the Rocky Mountains. The curse which came upon the Lamanites through the transgression of their fathers, was taken, or at least in part, from Zelph. One of his thigh bones had been broken in battle, by a stone from a sling, some years before his death. How much more satisfaction there is in having a few items from the Lord than there would be in a thousand speculations of men on such a subject! Joseph and the brethren had the history of this man given to them by revelation, and they were not left to conjecture and doubt.

Not more than half a day's journey from this place, Joseph got up on a wagon wheel, and called the people of the Camp together. He had been led before to warn them, and he was again directed to prophesy unto them. After giving them much good advice, and exhorting them to faithfulness and humility, he told the brethren that the Lord had revealed to him that a scourge would come upon the Camp. This would be in consequence of the fractious and unruly spirits that appeared among them. Still, if they would repent and humble themselves before the Lord, he said, the scourge might, in a great measure, be turned away; but as the Lord lived, he said, the Camp would have to suffer for giving way to their unruly tempers. You will see, children, as we proceed with this Biography, that the Lord fulfilled His word through Joseph to the very letter.

We will relate one incident, which, though not very important, will show our little readers the nature of the feelings of some of the men in Camp. On one occasion the Commissary of the Camp purchased twenty-five gallons of honey and a dozen hams. The hams were cured after the Western fashion. There not being enough of them to supply the different companies in the Camp with a ham apiece,

Joseph's company agreed to do without any. Having no flour, he and his company made their supper on mush and honey. But, in their tired condition, that food scarcely satisfied their hunger. Just as they had finished eating, some six of the hams were brought to the tent door, and were thrown down in anger. The persons who brought them said: "we don't want to eat dirty, stinking meat." Joseph had the ham cooked, and he and his company found it quite sweet, and they had an excellent feast.

Do any of our readers ever indulge in a spirit of this kind? When their mothers give them some kind of food, which does not exactly suit them, do they ever pout and refuse to eat it, and feel like throwing it on the floor? If you do, it is very wrong; but that is the way those men felt. How ashamed they ought to have been when they learned that Joseph ate the meat they threw away.

(To be Continued.)

A Trip to Our Antipodes.

CHAPTER XXI.

BY HUGH KNOUGH.

MY young friends who started with me on a "Trip to our Antipodes," must forgive me for leaving them in the cold, as it were, soon after our arrival in New Zealand; but the fact is, I found it difficult to continue in a colloquial style when I had to describe in detail the physical and political conditions of a country. I could have taken you on a trip through the country and shown and described to you some of the prominent sights and curiosities, but as my humble aim is to instruct as well as to amuse, and, wishing to give a reliable description of New Zealand—about which I have been asked so many questions, I resolved to begin at the beginning and give a full and detailed account of it. If I have imparted any information and, perhaps, amused you a little, I have my full reward. I am pleased to say that I have received letters from New Zealand (not from persons in the Church) complimenting my efforts in giving a fair and reliable description of that country, and expressing admiration at our interesting and spicy paper, the "Mormon" JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR: for I must tell you that copies are sent regularly to that far off country.

Now, if my young friends will forgive me for the past, and will sit around the cabin table—for we are on board ship once again and will soon continue our voyage to Australia—I will give you a few stray extracts from my journal, just as a parting remembrance of beautiful New Zealand.

Well, boys and girls, then to start with, here are my feelings and impressions on first landing in the country. It was at the port of Lyttleton, in the Middle Island, where I landed, after a voyage of over one hundred days from England.

I do not remember the exact date of my arrival in New Zealand, but it was near the end of July, 1859, in the depth of winter. The winter I found superior to the finest summer day in England. The invigorating breeze wafting from far off the sea, the sun shining gloriously, the evergreen vegetation in wonderful luxuriance and the green hills rising to majestic mountains in the distance—made me feel as if I had landed in an earthly paradise.

Early on the morning after my arrival, I made my way up the Bridle Track over the Port Hills which wall Lyttleton in on three sides to the height of some fifteen hundred feet. I was very willing to pull up and rest very often, for the road was dreadfully rough and steep, and not yet having gained my land legs, and having been cramped up on board ship for more than one hundred days, I was nearly exhausted before I reached the summit; but on reaching it all fatigue, aches and pains were forgotten in a moment, for one of the grandest sights I ever beheld or imagined met my view. At my feet lay an immense plain extending farther than the eye could reach, which appeared like a beautiful carpet of various colors, caused by alternate patches of bright green oats, stubble, ploughed and pasture land. In the foreground were numerous farm houses, bright and clean, with their granaries, orchards and avenues of evergreen trees, and, winding through the farms were two beautiful silver threads of water gleaming in the sun's rays, and on the smooth bosoms of which miniature crafts were sailing. In the distance could be discovered the outlines of the city of Christchurch, some eight miles distant, and away, far away in the background rose a chain of mighty snow capped mountains. Above was a canopy of clear dark blue—an Italian sky in perfection.

I sat for awhile to take breath and to contemplate in detail this beautiful living picture. At length I started down the Christchurch side of the hill, and I soon found out that I was going down much more quickly than I came up the other side; in fact, although I started at a steady walk, that walk soon increased into a trot and from that into a run, and at last my legs were stretched out as if I had the fabled seven leagued boots on, and there was no stopping me, for steam was up, and when arriving near the foot of the mountain I steered for an open cottage door lying before me, and cleverly entered therein, I was at last brought up standing, finding myself nearly shaken to pieces, and unable to utter a word for some little time. The owner of the cottage kindly furnished me with refreshments, free of cost, and after a rest and thanking my host, I started along the Heathcote Valley, crossing the ferry and gaining the high road to Christchurch, where I arrived about noon.

The city of Christchurch is situated on level ground, having two small rivers running through it, the Heathcote and the Avon. The former is navigable for small craft nearly to the center of the town, but the Avon is so choked up with water-cress, that the city authorities are compelled to constantly employ a gang of men to keep clear a passage for boats. The city is most admirably laid out, with fine broad streets crossing at right angles, set out with shade trees, and altogether has a striking resemblance to Salt Lake City. Many of the streets were merely marked out, not drained or metaled. Some fine public and private buildings were erected, and others being built, and many beautiful gardens and young orchards were beginning to make a show.

What a difference there is between this handsome city of Christchurch as it is at the present and what it was then! To get an idea, ask the old folks to describe Salt Lake City, as it was twenty years ago, and compare their description with its present appearance.

I made inquiry in the city for Mr. Restoll, the government inspector of schools, for this gentleman I had known in England. I was soon directed to his house, which I found to be about a mile from the city, and he being at home, after greetings, I handed my teacher's indentures and ship's certificate, and he promised to attend to me next day. He pressed me to stay with him, and I must say that he and his family treated

me like a prince. Next day he went and introduced me to the government officials, and I was at once offered a position—that was, to establish a government school at a town just laid out, called Timaru, 112 miles south from Christchurch. There was no road to it, so I must go by water. A ship-load of immigrants had lately been landed there. There were two townships adjoining each other, the government township, and one laid out and owned by a Mr. Rhodes. The immigrants had taken lots on the latter one, as the owner had offered great inducements. I should have to find the best place I could get to hold school in, until a proper building could be built. Books and utensils, the government would furnish me, and pay me a salary of two hundred pounds a year, in quarterly instalments, and, if I wished, I could hold evening classes, or do anything else in my leisure hours. House rent was to be free, school to be held five hours a day, during five days a week, with two months holidays during the year.

Would I accept? I replied that I would be most pleased to accept the honorable, flattering and lucrative position, as a government employe; that its great advantages I could fully appreciate, and that it would always be my aim, etc.; in other words, "I took the bait."

Leaves From a Log Book.

BY G. M. O.

(Continued.)

THE CONTRABANDIST.

"SUPPOSING their leader killed, the smugglers made no further resistance. Indeed, before I had regained my feet, Captain Edwards and his crew had taken possession of the brig, disarmed the crew and secured them between decks. Though the action lasted not more than twenty minutes, both crews suffered severely, the smugglers losing ten killed and seventeen wounded, while of our own crew three were killed and eleven wounded. The captain of the *Bonita* revived shortly after the surrender of his vessel. The ball from my pistol, glancing upwards, had merely hit him with force sufficient to knock him senseless for a few minutes. I doubt whether Captain Edwards had taken his eyes off the wounded smuggler during his insensibility, and when he did revive, I noticed it was with a most peculiar smile on his countenance that he ordered him bound, hand and foot. That something unusual was going to occur, I was fully convinced, not only by the singular look and determined manner of Captain Edwards, who, as I say, never turned his eyes from the prisoner, but seemed to gaze on him with a sort of fiendish delight that made me shudder, but the men were reaving a rope through a block on deck that plainly indicated what was in preparation. After binding the smuggler they seated him on one of the carronades. He did not utter a word or make the slightest resistance to the operation. He was really a fine looking fellow, with quite a handsome countenance. A slight trace of sensuality and the scar from my pistol shot were all that marred its beauty. His black hair, clotted with blood, hung in disordered locks over his face, which was as pale and as rigid as marble, while his dark eyes gleamed like two living coals with the fire of enmity and defiance as he returned the basilisk like stare of Captain Edwards. In a word, it was

evident that two life-long enemies had met after years of separation, and the recognition was mutual. One was the victor triumphant, the other the prisoner defiant. The lower studding sail balyards of the brig were belayed near the carronade, the sailors stood in line holding the end of the rope just rove through the block on deck, and Captain Edwards, taking the other end of the rope, and never moving his eyes from his prisoner, deliberately formed a noose by making a peculiar kind of a knot, known by seamen as the 'hangman's knot.' When he had finished it he held it up before the smuggler, and in a cold, determined tone spoke to him, saying:

"Carlos Deaz, rascal, thief and murderer, I allow you five minutes to live!" Then he slipped the noose over the man's head. His words and action had no more effect upon the prisoner than upon the gun he was sitting on. His dark eyes only glowed the fiercer, and his lips were set the more firmly. Villain that I believed he was, I could not but admire his firmness, and, on the impulse of the moment, I determined, at the risk of gaining Captain Edwards' displeasure, on interceding in his behalf for a longer time than the few short moments allowed, that he might prepare for that eternity into which they were about to launch him. Stepping forward, I respectfully addressed our commander in these words:

"Captain Edwards, I am to you almost a stranger, yet sufficiently acquainted to honor, respect and admire you as a man and an officer; yet, as an employe of the government that we both serve, I must protest against this hasty execution. I am well aware of your authority and the discretionary power vested in you as commander here, yet you know—excuse me for saying it—that you are going beyond the line of your duty when you execute a man, no matter how great his crimes are, before he has been tried, proven guilty and condemned before a proper tribunal. I ask you to spare this man's life, let him be securely guarded, deliver him to the proper authorities and let them deal with him as his crimes deserve; and in the interval I hope the prisoner will, by prayer and repentance, prepare himself that his spirit may go into the Maker's presence blessed and forgiven."

"I could not see the slightest show of gratitude in the smuggler's face. I could not detect the least movement of Captain Edwards' eye as he answered me: 'I know the limit of my authority. I know that according to the laws of the government we serve I overstep the line. I also know this man to be a murderer; and though I should swing for it five minutes after, he shall hang as I have ordered. As for his repentance, let me say that true repentance is restoration. He has taken a life; can he restore it? Can all his prayers and repentant tears wash the fact from his memory and mine? Never! He has taken a life, the life of one so pure and holy, compared with himself, that his own base life can not atone for it. No, he shall swing for it, and take his time for prayer and repentance in eternity.'

"Then, sir," I replied, "let me ask a respite for this man, as a personal favor. But a few minutes past I risked my own life to save yours. But for my timely interference your spirit would now be in that eternity for prayer and repentance. Cancel the obligation, sir, by allowing him a few—at least one short hour to live and make his peace with God."

"He waved me aside with his hand, saying, 'He must make that peace face to face with and in the presence of the God he has outraged.'

"There was no trace or sign of remorse or fear, nor gratitude towards me, to be seen in the stony face of the smuggler. There was not the least show of pity, forgiveness or mercy in

the stern countenance of Captain Edwards. Scarcely opening his lips, he asked, 'Are you ready?' and the men holding the rope answered "All ready, sir."

"Then, drawing from his bosom a silk handkerchief, that had once been white, with a border of blue, curious in design, but now old and faded, Captain Edwards held it opened in his hands before the smuggler's face.

"Then, and then only, did that face change for one moment. The blood seemed to rush from his heart and dye his livid visage scarlet. 'Florence, Florence!' he gasped. The words seemed to be the outpouring of his soul, convulsing his whole frame in gaining utterance. And then his face became more livid than before.

"Ah! Florence!" vehemently repeated the captain. 'With this, the only earthly memento of her, before your eyes, go into her angelic presence, and be adjudged by God.' Waving his hand, the men at the rope walked aft, and the body of the smuggler went swinging and whirling through the air.

"I turned, and resting my head on the life rail, silently offered up a prayer for the departing spirit. How long I remained in this position I know not; it seemed an age. When I did look up I saw the body of the smuggler hanging at the fore yard arm of the brig, and Captain Edwards still standing by the carronade, his arms extended towards the corpse, and holding in his hands by the corners the white and blue handkerchief. Turning from the scene, I hastily crossed, by means of the wrecked spars that entangled the vessels, to the schooner, where, entering the cabin, I determined to remain until the last sad ceremonies due the dead had been performed. I walked the cabin deck for an hour, revolving in my mind every incident that had transpired during the morning. In fact, since I had come on board the schooner the interest that Captain Edwards had created in my mind to fathom the mystery that enshrouded him like a pall was now doubly increased by the transactions of the morning—by the capture and precipitate execution of the smuggler captain, which furnished a key only to some by-gone incident that had embittered the life of one at least of the actors.

"It was not until after the dead had been consigned to the sea, the wounded cared for, the wreck cleared from the vessels and their course laid in shore, the schooner towing the brig, that our captain entered the cabin. His countenance had assumed that calm look of the day before, with a slight trace, I fancied, of a self satisfied smile lingering around the mouth. Going to a locker, he produced a bottle of wine, which, with glasses, he placed on the table. He motioned to me to take a seat, which I mechanically did. Seating himself, he filled the goblets. In silence we drank the contents, then, pausing for a moment, as if to control his feelings, he thus addressed me:

"Senor Morales, this morning you saved my life. The obligation I owe you I feel but cannot express. My refusal to grant your request a few hours ago may seem to you ingratitude on my part, but I assure you that had it been any other man than the villain hung I would not have refused. I know that I have transgressed the law by this summary execution, and must suffer the penalty of a dismissal from the service, for which I do not care; I owe the country nothing. But to you I feel it a right and a duty to acquaint you with the circumstances that have prompted me in committing this seemingly heartless action."

"Refreshing himself again with a glass of the wine, and again pausing to control his smothered emotions, he commenced in a firm and easy tone the following narrative:

(To be Continued.)

Questions and Answers

ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON CXVI.

- Q.—When did Amos die?
A.—In the year 305.
Q.—Who then kept the record?
A.—His brother Ammaron.
Q.—What was the condition of the people at that time?
A.—All the people had become wicked.
Q.—In consequence of this, what was Ammaron commanded to do in the year 320?
A.—To hide up all the records which had been handed down from generation to generation.
Q.—How old was Mormon at this time?
A.—About ten years of age.
Q.—When he should arrive at the age of twenty-five, what did Ammaron desire him to do?
A.—To go to a certain hill, where he would find the sacred records.
Q.—What was he to do with them?
A.—He was commanded to take only the plates of Nephi and on them to write what he had observed among the people.
Q.—What was the name of this hill?
A.—Shim; it was situated in the land of Autum.
Q.—When Mormon was eleven years old, where did his father's family remove to?
A.—To the land of Zarahemla.
Q.—What occurred during the same year?
A.—A war began between the Nephites and Lamanites.
Q.—Which party was successful?
A.—The Nephites?
Q.—What did the Lamanites do?
A.—They "withdrew their design, and there was peace settled in the land."

ON THE BIBLE.

- Q.—What did David do when Saul entered the cave?
A.—He arose, and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe.
Q.—How did David feel after he had done this?
A.—His heart smote him.
Q.—What did he say to his men?
A.—"The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the anointed of the Lord."
Q.—What did David do after he had thus spoken?
A.—He "stayed his servants with these words, and suffered them not to rise against Saul."
Q.—What did Saul do?
A.—He rose up out of the cave, and went his way.
Q.—What then did David do?
A.—He also arose and went out of the cave and cried after Saul, saying, "My lord the king."
Q.—When Saul looked behind him, what did David do?
A.—He stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.
Q.—After David had explained to Saul what had transpired, and expressed his feelings, what did he say?
A.—"The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand."
Q.—What did Saul say when David had made an end of speaking?
A.—"Is this thy voice, my son David?" and Saul lifted up his voice and wept.
Q.—What further did Saul say to David?
A.—"Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1876.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



Why should good manners, like fine clothes, be used for special occasions and for strangers? Why should a young man be rude and unmannerly in speaking to or answering his sister? Why should a young woman speak snappishly and unkindly to her brother? Or, why should young men and young women reply to their parents, especially to their mothers, with incivility and disrespect? Is this the custom in some household? Certainly it is. There are young men who at home are harsh, rude and disagreeable to their mothers and sisters, but who when they go a courting, or into the society of ladies, not of their own family, are the very pink of courtesy and are sweet, amiable and obliging. Young ladies, too, whose voices are sharp and cutting, and who can snarl and scold at their mothers and brothers and sisters at home, when receiving visits from their beaux can speak dulcet words and be all smiles and pleasantness. So if they go away from home on a visit, a person unacquainted with them, in witnessing their deportment, would have no outward reason to suspect that those agreeable manners were only visiting manners, put on, like the fine clothes they wear, only for the occasion. Why should cross looks, ill-natured temper and bitter manners be kept for home use, and honied and polite language, agreeable deportment and pleasant smiles be reserved for visitors or visits away from home? Why should young people be kind and polite to the parents and brothers and sisters of their friends, whose homes they visit, and be unkind and impolite to their own parents and brothers and sisters?

There are some husbands who have polite and excellent manners in speaking to ladies who are not their wives; but who exhibit no courtesy to their wives. And who that has mingled much in society has not frequently noticed the change of voice, of manner and of expression upon the part of some wives when they turn their attention from their husbands to speak to other gentlemen? Their countenances, in speaking to their husbands, are frequently cross, and scowling, their voices sharp and rasping; but if other gentlemen happen to come in, what a change takes place! Their faces assume a pleasant expression, they are soon wreathed in smiles, and their voices undergo a complete change—their tones become gentle and winning and their whole manner becomes fascinating. Such men and such women have, most likely, carried these manners with them from the homes of their parents.

Why should young people think that old clothes, shabby dresses, ill temper, selfishness and bad manners are good enough for home? And why should they think that all these must be left at home when they go to a ball, go a courting, or into society, and that nothing is too pretty or good to wear, nothing too sweet to say, and no politeness too great upon such occasions?

We say to the JUVENILES of these mountains, cultivate domestic courtesy. Boys, be as courteous to your mothers, be as gallant and polite to your sisters, as it is possible to be. Do not carry your graces and fine manners and polite attentions away from your own dear relatives to lavish them upon others. Girls, be as sweet and amiable to your parents, be as gentle and refined to your brothers, as you would be to the gentlemen whom you might meet in the best society. Never forget that you should be ladies, and that you cannot put on true politeness as you do fine clothes. If your manners are worn only for the occasion, your true character will be sure to come to the surface—you cannot conceal it.

There is no true happiness in a house where love does not reign. True love does not exist without respect. It shows itself in word and action—in the kind tone, the courteous consideration, the polite attention. Its fruits are not surly, cross humors, abrupt and cutting language or crabbed, harsh manners. A true, loving nature is kind, polite and considerate. No one has a right to take his ill-humor, his peevishness and wretched moods into the midst of loving friends. The boy who does so to his mother and sisters must reform in this respect, or when he gets a home of his own he will make it wretched for his family. If a young lady expects a visit from her lover, she smooths her hair, puts on her nice dress, wears her sunniest smile and gives sweetness to her voice. The house is made as tidy as possible, and he is made to feel how warm and cosy it is. If he should conclude that she always appeared and acted thus, how fascinated he would be! He would picture to himself a home with her in it in which everything would smile and be warm and sunny. And why should it not be? Why should a young lady not carry with her such manners and deportment in all the relations of life? Why should a young man wear politeness when courting and mingling in society which he does not wear at home? Why should men and women deceive each other in this respect? Be assured, boys and girls, that to make each other truly happy you must be loving, kind, polite and courteous at home. There is the place to cultivate and exhibit these sweet graces. It is not flowing, shining hair, graceful dress, blooming cheeks and beaming eyes alone that will make home happy. With all these, home can still be made unpleasant and unhappy by ill-humors and caprices, discourtesy and crusty and boorish manners.

TRADITIONS ABOUT THE CREATION.

BY JAS. A. LITTLE.

THE history extant among pagan nations of the creation of the world and of the progenitors of the human race have so much in common with the Bible account of the events, that the conclusion is irresistible that all mankind have the same original parentage, and that an intelligible account of creation was handed down through the antediluvian fathers to Noah and his sons. From them with various modifications it was doubtless had by all the nations of antiquity, either by record or oral tradition.

We are indebted to Louis Jacolliot, a French writer, for the following beautiful legend of the creation and fall of our first parents, originally taken from the sacred books of the Hindoos. The traditional Eden of the Hindoos is the island of Ceylon, the gem of the Indian Ocean. It is perhaps as

nearly fitted by nature for an earthly paradise as any portion of the earth.

According to this legend, under the munificence of the Divine Creator the earth was covered with flowers, the trees bent under delicious fruits, thousands of animals sported over the plains, birds of beautiful plumage floated in the air, and everything was prepared for the well being of man.

Brahma, the Hindoo divinity, organized the two personages, male and female, drew a germ from the great soul, the pure essence, and animated them. He gave them conscience, or a sense of right, and speech, which made them superior to all other creatures, but inferior to angels. Strength and majesty characterized the man whom he named Adima. The woman man was clothed with grace and beauty and named Heva.

The island of Ceylon was given by the Lord to this primeval pair for their residence, a terrestrial paradise well fitted for the progenitors of the human race. "Go" said Brahma, "unite, and produce beings who shall be your living image upon earth, for ages and ages after you have returned to me." He instructed them not to leave Ceylon, but people it and implant his worship in the hearts of those who should be born. He also told them that the rest of the world was not yet inhabitable.

The happy pair lived for some time in undisturbed quietude. Bounteous nature was lavish of her delights, and furnished the most delicious food without care. But life was too monotonous; there was no contrast to give rest to pleasure. The spirit of evil began to inspire them with disturbing desires, with feelings of dissatisfaction, with a wish for something which they had not.

"Let us wander through the island," said Adima, "and see if we may not find some place even more beautiful than this."

Heva confidently followed her husband. They wandered for months among the delights of their paradise. Heva was fuddled with strange fears and terrors.

"Adima," said she, "let us go no farther, it seems to me that we are disobeying the Lord."

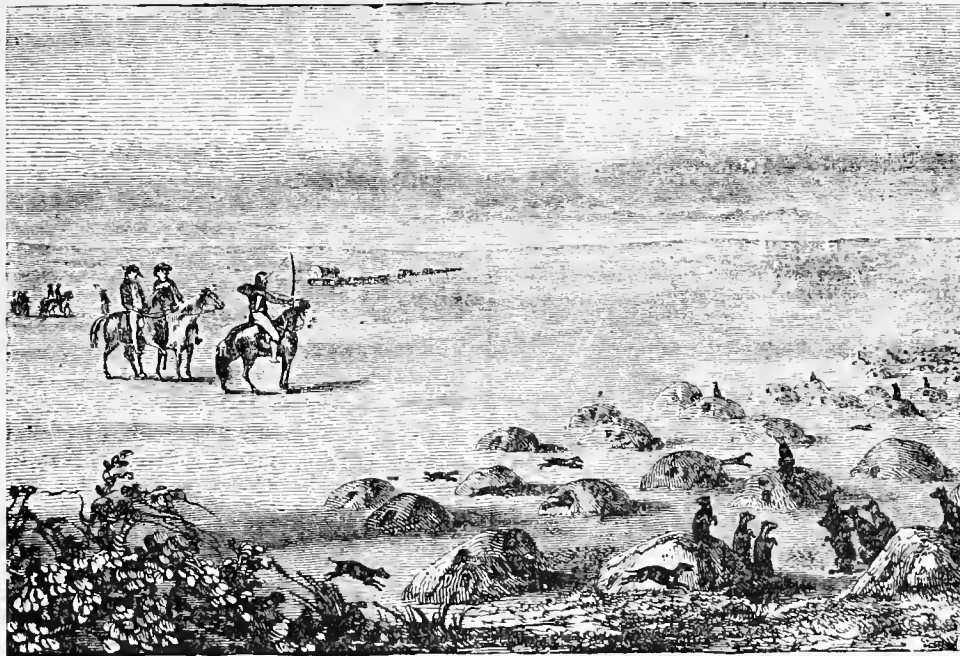
"Fear not," said Adima, and they journeyed on. Arriving at the extremity of the island, they saw a smooth narrow arm of the sea, and beyond a vast country connected with the island by a narrow rocky pathway. To these wanderers in paradise, this country appeared strangely beautiful: it was covered with stately forests, and birds of brilliant and variegated plumage flitted among the branches.

"Behold, what beautiful things," cried Adima, "and what good fruits such trees must produce! Let us go and taste them, and if that country is better than this we will dwell there."

Heva tremblingly besought Adima to do nothing that might irritate the Lord against them, and asked, "Are we not well here? Have we not pure water and delicious fruits? Wherefor seek other things?"

"True," replied Adima, "but we will come back; what harm can it be to visit this unknown country?" He approached the rocks, and Heva tremblingly followed. Placing his wife on his shoulders he crossed the arm of the sea which separated him from the object of his desires. No sooner did they touch the shore than trees, flowers, fruits, birds and all that had enchanted them so much in the distance, instantly disappeared amid terrific clamor; the bridge of rocks by which they had crossed, sank beneath the waters; a few sharp peaks alone remained to indicate the place of the bridge which had been destroyed by divine displeasure.

Some rocks which rise in the Indian Ocean between the eastern point of India and Ceylon are still known in that country by the name of "Palau Adima," that is "bridge of Adam." There is also a prominent peak on the coast of the island of Ceylon, from the foot of which the traditions of the country assert that the first man took his departure for the continental coast. From the earliest times this mountain is said to have



A PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE.

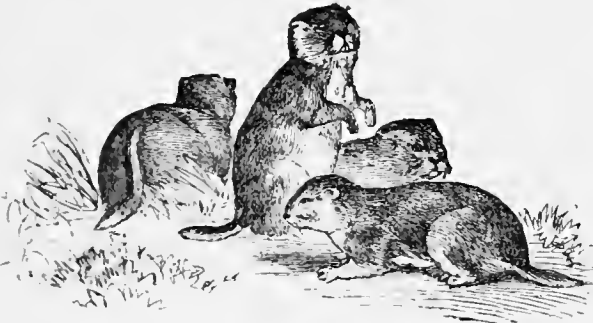
borne the name of "Adam's Peak."

PRAIRIE DOGS.

TRAVELERS who now cross the plains that stretch between the Missouri River and our mountain home are hurried along so fast in the railroad cars, that they make the entire trip in a few days, and have but little chance for noticing all the interesting natural features of the route. To those, however, who crossed the plains years ago, by the slower mode of transit then in vogue, such as ox and horse teams, we need say nothing about the pretty little animals that are the subject of our sketch. No immigrant could fail to notice the Prairie Dog villages with their swarms of frisky inhabitants. Probably few ever saw such a village or took the pains to notice in the least the lively little animals without wondering how they managed to live. They certainly are very sociable beings, and

seem to enjoy life immensely, sitting sentry-like upon the summit of their houses, or scampering about the streets of their villages, though the vegetation surrounding is often so scanty as to make their existence a matter of surprise. But though so sociable among themselves, they have no taste for intimacy with human beings. On the contrary they pop into their holes with the greatest rapidity as soon as they see a person approach them. Especially is this the case if a missile or weapon is raised to kill them. On this account, the Prairie Dog is a very difficult animal to shoot.

There is one feature about these little animals which must be considered very curious by every person who is at all acquainted with the habits of animals. We refer to their hospitality; for you must know that in addition to being sociable, they are exceedingly hospitable little fellows. Their houses, which, as you would readily judge from the appearance of them in the picture, are mere holes in the ground with little piles of dirt for a covering, are quite roomy in the interior, that is when the size of the "dog" is considered; and in one of these houses, in addition to the legitimate inmate, there is often found a rattlesnake and a ground owl, that may be considered as visitors, enjoying the hospitality of the Prairie Dog. A curious "happy family!" you no doubt think. And the most curious part of it is that the snake don't gobble up his kind host and feathered companion. But naturalists furnish no record of such ungrateful conduct on the part of the snake, and the inference is that he appreciates his comfortable quarters and genial companions, and acts the part of a good snake towards them.



PRAIRIE DOGS.

The Prairie Dog does not, as some might think, resemble our domesticated dogs and is therefore named after them. In fact he is not a dog at all. He has been called a Prairie Dog because of the sound or bark which he frequently utters, and which bears some resemblance to the bark of a young puppy. But, strictly speaking, he is a marmot, and might more properly be called the "Prairie Marmot," or "Barking Marmot." He is about the size of a squirrel, and has soft, reddish-gray fur. He is very easily tamed, and makes quite a nice pet for the little folks when kept in a cage. One may be seen in the Desert Museum, in this city, where he sports around in his cage to the amusement of visitors. Professor Barfoot makes a great pet of him. These animals in their natural state hibernate, that is they seclude themselves during the winter, and pass their time in sleep; and even when tamed they are also inclined to do so.

There exists a very beautiful custom in Germany. On the first day of the new year, whatever may have been the quarrels or estrangement between friends and relatives, mutual visits are interchanged, kindly greetings given and received—all is forgotten and forgiven.

ENTOMOLOGY-NO. 12.

BY W. D. JOHNSON, JUN.

ORTHOPTERA.

To the group of "walkers" belong those singular insects called "walking sticks," as they have a long cylindrical body which resembles dry twigs. They are destitute of wings, are quite rough and appear in the same color as the plants on which they live. Their legs are long, weak and unfit for rapid motion. They live on tender leaves and buds, which are their appropriate food.

Of these insects we have two species in this Territory; they belong to the family *Phasmida*. They are generally four inches long. In tropical countries they are of a larger size, even a foot in length.

The "walking leaves" also belong to this group; their wings and legs so much resemble leaves, that they are easily mistaken for the foliage. They are all natives of warm countries.

The "jumpers" are well represented in this country, and many of them have become quite noted on account of their extensive ravages. This group has been divided by naturalists into three families, viz: *Gryllidae*, or cricket family (the name is derived from the greek word gryllus, the ancient name for cricket) *Locustariæ*, or locust family, and the *acrydii*, or migratory locust.

The cricket family is not so destructive to vegetation as the other two families of the jumpers; some of them even do much good, as they live on other noxious insects. These insects are known by the following characteristics: wing covers, when present, lie horizontally on the top of the back, antennæ long and tapering, tarsi three pointed (except in the little white cricket, called "oecanthus," which has four pointed tarsi) two tapering, downy bristles at the end of the body, between which, in most of the females, is a long spear-pointed ovipositor, the body long and depressed. Most of the males are furnished with a musical apparatus situated at the base of the wings, so that by rubbing one wing upon another they produce a sound similar to the syllables cri cri, from which they derive the name of crickets. The object of this noise is that the males are chirping to their mates.

In damp places around ponds and swamps, may be seen small mounds of dirt resembling a mole hill in miniature; these are made by the most singular of insects called the mole cricket, or *gryllotalpa*, from the words gryllus, a cricket, and talpa, a mole. They are generally one inch and a quarter in length, and are easily recognized by their stout fore-legs, which are admirably adapted for digging, as the shanks are broad, flat and three sided; the lower side is divided into four finger-like projections. The color is of a light bay or fawn, and they are covered with a short velvety down; the wings are one half the length of the body. They live entirely on insects, and burrow in the earth in search for them.

We have another insect in this Territory very similar in some respects to the former; it is commonly called the "sand cricket." It inhabits dry sandy places, and sometimes gardens. It is one inch and a half in length when full grown; the head large, eyes prominent, antennæ long and bristle-like and many jointed; all the legs are stout, and furnished with spines to enable it to dig in the earth with facility. It is destitute of wings; the abdomen very large and annulated with dark brown and light colored rings. Although quite an ugly looking insect, it is perfectly harmless, and is very useful, as its food is composed

of insects. Many people call them "ground scorpions," and fear them as they do a rattlesnake. They are the gardeners' friend; do not kill them.

The common black crickets which live under stones and logs, in damp places, are also beneficial, although they eat some vegetables; their principal diet is other insects, which they can overpower. They are called by Harris *acheta abbrenata*, on account of their short wings. They are three fourths of an inch in length, of a black color, wings having a brownish tinge, the antennæ long and tapering. The males are supplied with a musical organ with which they enliven their mates, as soon as it begins to get dark, and they keep up their racket nearly all night. The female has a long ovipositor. The hind legs of these insects are long and fitted for leaping.

The little black crickets which inhabit our meadows, live in communities, and do some damage to the grass; they love the sunshine as much as others of this family like the night. They are only two-fifths of an inch in length, color brown to rusty black, with three black stripes along the back. They have wing covers but no wings; they are called *acheta vittata*, (Harris) or striped cricket.

We have many other crickets which are quite common, but as a general thing they do but little damage to the farmer.

ENVY.

ENVY is to the human heart what the weed is to the garden, which if allowed to become too rank, will not only choke the tender plants which you have sown, but its roots will grow and increase, and so thoroughly undermine the soil that it is afterward unfit to receive seeds. In just the same way if you allow envy to get possession of your heart, it will crush out every honest principle of your nature. It destroys the healthful tone of the system, breaks down all the energies, and renders one unfit for the duties of life. It is like a turbulent stream coursing through the land, uprooting vegetation, and leaving a noxious sediment wherever it has flowed.

Closely allied to envy is covetousness, which is one of the cardinal sins of the human family, and from covetousness proceeds theft and falsehood. In the track of the latter follow penitentiaries and State prisons. You see, then, to what one sin, seemingly insignificant at first, leads. It may be argued that envy and covetousness are not sins, but merely passions; but I hold that that is sin which prompts us to do evil, to transgress the Divine law in any wise. Without covetousness there would be no such thing as theft.

But envy does not always lead one so far as this. It is more frequently kept pent up in the bosom like a smouldering flame, that consumes the vital principles of love, goodness and benevolence. It is so prevalent throughout the world that many a seemingly praiseworthy deed really partakes of the depraved nature of the doer, for it is soon found that the motive which prompted the effort was merely to excite the envy of others. All the money spent on some families, and all the extra accomplishments bestowed upon some children, are for the purpose of dazzling the eyes of less favored parents. I once heard a belle say, that she did not dress so much to please the gentlemen as to spite her female friends; so it is that all the extra labor spent on some toilets, is merely to excite a pang of envy in the hearts of others. Open and avowed enemies are certainly more to be preferred than envious friends. They can do you less injury, for, making no pretensions to a friendship for you, the world will understand

how to construe what they may say about you; but the other class, seeming to be your friends, can work a great deal of mischief with their malicious tongues.

It is impossible, you say, to witness the prosperous condition of your neighbor without a desire to share that prosperity. Granted; but all the desire in the world will not increase your possessions one iota, unless it be attended with labor. It was never designed that the human wants should be fully sated; so when you find yourself coveting something which your neighbor has, and you have not, look around you and see if you have not something in which he is lacking. Or, if that will not suffice, put your desire and industry together, and strive by some honest means to obtain what you want.

TRIFLES.

THOUGH it has been impressed upon us from our earliest years that

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

it is doubtful whether there is any one who fully realizes the importance of trifles. Our time and attention are so engrossed in the pursuit of greater things, that the occurrences of every day life seem too trivial to be noticed, and we forget that success is gained by none save those who are faithful in little things. The failure of many a life may be traced to a disregard of trifles. Little indulgences in sin, so trifling that one would think that they might be permitted with comparative safety, grow into evil habits and obtain so strong a hold that they cannot be overcome, and they soon blight what promised to be fair.

Though each passing second brings us nearer to the end of life, how many of these priceless gifts are wasted because they are nothing but trifles. A simple word seems of little consequence, yet it is often productive of great results. In our intercourse with others we are too apt to forget this. If we realized that a word carelessly dropped from our lips, might cause another pain, the sting of which would be remembered for years, surely we should give more heed to these trifles; and that a word spoken in tenderness and charity would make many a sad heart glad, we should not be so chary of the "small sweet courtesies" that make life pleasant. Why should we envy the rich and powerful, who are indeed able to do much for their fellow beings, when we may scatter golden words of love and good cheer along our way. The great inventions which have been given to the world in the past few centuries, and the light which has been thrown on all branches of science, are traceable to long and patient observation of trifles. In nature's realm the tiny flower, the slender blade of grass, show the touch of the same hand that gave strength and symmetry to the mighty oak; each sparkling dew-drop, each little ray of light speaks as eloquently of God's tender love and mercy as his bow of promise in the heavens. Thus the humblest efforts in the cause of truth and right, will as surely be crowned with success, as the most brilliant plans for the elevation of mankind. As we witness the watchful care of Him who, while he controls countless worlds, marks even the sparrow's fall, let us not despise as useless the least of His gifts.

THE defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

FUN.

BY HUGH KNOUGH.

THE caption of this article is a very little word but it includes in its meaning a great variety of human sensations and gratifications. All branches of the human race have some form of expressing their merriment and pleasures, and each of which may be expressed by the little word "fun." But how varied, opposite and even contradictory are the modes and means adopted for its gratification, not only in races and communities but even in families and individuals. That which is great pleasure to one person is often an equal annoyance, if not grief, to another. We all know the simple, but nevertheless, wise fable of the boy throwing rocks at the frogs in the pond. To him it was high old fun to see the frogs duck and dive, and when he chanced to strike one, to see it turn over in its death agonies. At length, in sheer desperation, a sage old frog croaked out to the delighted boy, "Pray do not pelt us, for that which is fun to you, is *death* to us."

Circumstances, climate, education and, in some instances, even religion have control over people's sports and amusements. For instance, the hungry Irishman when asked what he considered was the perfection of fun or amusement replied:

"The greatest fun under the sun.

Is to sit by the fire till the 'praties' are done."

No doubt you may laugh at this, but I, for my part, think that was his sincere conviction. I have experienced a similar feeling after being out hunting for nearly twenty-four hours in a wild and inhospitable country, when at evening I have seated myself over my camp fire, tired and hungry, and watched my damper (that is a thin cake of unleavened bread) gradually baking in the embers of the fire. The feelings of anticipation and calm satisfaction which would creep over me when longing to put that crisp damper and my smoked mutton out of sight, was far greater pleasure to me, at that time, than anything else on earth could have invoked. So, in that sense, I honestly endorse the Irishman's opinion.

Again, take the savages of the Pacific islands, and let us see how they attain their fun. The acme of pleasurable excitement to them is a war dance, and if you could see, as I have, their violent exertions, demonic grimaces and disgusting contortions while going through its performance, you would say it was one of the most laborious and horrid sights you ever beheld.

The Greeks and Romans, with all their glory and knowledge, attained their highest pleasure by setting their gladiators to fight in mortal combat with each other or with some wild beast in the public arena. This was to them, the spectators, not the gladiators, a choice bit of fun.

Again in this, the enlightened nineteenth century—what do we find in pious Britain, Catholic Spain and intelligent America as the means of the choicest gratification of fun to thousands of so-called Christians? Let us enumerate a few. In Spain and its environs we find the bull fight, in Russia the bear bait, in Britain and America the "noble art of self-defense," as exhibited in the disgusting and brutal "prize ring," together with the "cock pit" and "rat pit."

I do not hesitate to assert that the patrons of these amusements would forego any other kind of pleasure ten times over, than be debarr'd from witnessing either of the above "sports." Men who would begrudge a dollar, perhaps, for a seat in a respectable theatre would willingly pay thirty or forty dollars to see a prize fight.

Now my young friends, no doubt you exclaim with uplifted hands and long drawn faces, "how horrid!" But let us, if you please, halt a moment and look right here at home in Salt Lake City and note a few of the means used for the attainment of fun or pleasure. Let us first raise the curtain on the dram shop or saloon and what do we see? A group of men, both old and young, aye, and often boys and women, too, standing or sitting before a glaring bar, sipping from time to time the essence of deadly poison, until by degrees, as we sorrowfully watch them their senses are stolen away, their limbs lose their action, they are unconscious of right or wrong, every sense of decency and humanity is lost, and, in fact, in a few hours they have sunk from being the noblest work of God, made after his own image, to be worse than the beast that wallows in the mire. And this is what many of the world, yes, and some few self-styled Latter-day Saints, call "fun!"

O! What a mockery and disgrace! Let us not lift up our hands in horror at the Feejee war dance, the struggles of the gladiators, the prize, bull, cock, and bear fights, or ever throw slurs at the heathen Chinee in his opium den, while we have this horror of horrors—this pest—in our midst.

Let us all unite to drive this curse from our borders and in so doing know we are doing God's service.

We will leave this sad picture and look at another, the gambling hells and billiard halls, for a moment. See the infatuated fools, who, under the absurd idea of gaining pleasure and having fun are risking their health, wealth, position and happiness for the gratification of handling a piece of pasteboard or an ivory ball. If "fun" can be found in these places, the devil is indeed a good caterer!

Who but a fool, or one lost to all care for his soul's salvation, can wantonly and deliberately set his Creator's commands at defiance and dare the displeasure of a jealous and angry God! and that merely for the sake of fun or pleasure. I refer to that increasing evil of Sabbath breaking—taking excursions, buggy rides, etc., on the day that we are commanded to keep holy and undefiled. Think for a moment, ye Sabbath breakers, of the awful judgments you incur on your heads, just for the sake of a few hours' "fun!"

Let us now glance at those home pleasures, that may be harmless, but are they sensible or beneficial? What sense is there in turning night into day—starting out to a ball about the time when we should think of retiring to rest, and keeping up the "sport" till "daylight doth appear!" We feel tired, stiff and cross, as well as looking pale and seedy the next day, and all this labor and vexation for the sake of "fun!" From all such "fun" deliver us!

And now, before we close, a word to those long-visaged, sanctimonious people who raise their hands in pious horror at all kinds of amusements. You have not a drop of pleasurable or convivial blood in your veins; you think because your blood is thin and cold, and you have your own narrow sphere of private pleasures gratified, that there should be no social fun in life. How selfish and wrong you are in your ideas! "God loveth a cheerful countenance." "'Tis good to be merry and wise." Human nature is so constituted that it must have relaxation from daily drudgery and toil; and, mark my words, if you do not provide the good and pure it will seek after the evil. Provide your young, and old, too, for the matter of that, with pure and harmless amusements, limiting them to proper times, places and seasons, seeing that nothing corrupt or debasing creeps in, but aiming at honest recreation, combined with instruction. Let us have theatres, parties, socials, lectures and the like; let us enjoy a hearty laugh, so long as it is

not at our neighbor's misfortune; and in the midst of all our pleasures remember and be thankful to Him who is the Giver of all good things, which He bounteously gives to His children to use aright, but not abuse.

A ROYAL DINNER.

READERS of Roman history have been astonished at the magnificent wastefulness of the suppers given by those who seemed to live to eat. But the kings of ancient Mexico rivaled, if they did not excel, in their prodigal feasts the repasts of the richest Roman epicure. Montezuma II. was encompassed by a cloud of attendants. Six hundred noblemen passed the day at his court, speaking always in low tones, and careful to make no noise within the limits of the palace. The king dined alone, and the number of dishes served for him at each meal are estimated at from three hundred to three thousand. Mr. H. H. Bancroft, in a work upon the civilized native races of the Pacific region, gives this description of the royal dinner:

The king took his meals alone, in one of the largest halls of the palace. If the weather was cold, a fire was kindled with a kind of charcoal made of the bark of trees, which emitted no smoke, but threw out a delicious perfume; and that his Majesty might suffer no inconvenience from the heat, a screen ornamented with gold, and carved with figures of the idols, was placed between his person and the fire.

He was seated upon a low, leather cushion, upon which were thrown various soft skins, and his table was of similar description, except that it was larger and rather higher, and was covered with white cotton cloths and the finest ware of Cholula; many of the goblets were of gold and silver, or fashioned of beautiful shells.

He is said to have possessed a complete service of solid gold, but as it was considered below a king's dignity to use anything at the table twice, Montezuma with all his extravagance, was obliged to keep this costly dinner-set in the temple. The bill-of-fare comprised everything edible of fish, flesh and fowl that could be procured in the empire, or imported from beyond it.

Relays of couriers were employed in bringing delicacies from afar, and as the royal table was every day supplied with fresh fish brought, without the modern aids of ice and air-tight packing, from a sea-coast more than a hundred miles distant, by a road passing chiefly through a tropical climate, we may form some idea of the speed with which these couriers traveled.

There were cunning cooks among the Aztecs, and at these extravagant meals there was almost as much variety in the cooking as in the matter cooked. Sahagun gives a most formidable list of roast, stewed and boiled dishes of meat, fish and poultry, seasoned with many kinds of herbs, of which, however, the most frequently mentioned is chili. He further describes many kinds of bread, all bearing a more or less close resemblance to the modern Mexican tortilla, and all most tremendously named. Imagine for instance, when one wished for a piece of bread, having to ask one's neighbor to be good enough to pass the totaquitlaxcallillaquelpacholli; then there were tamales of all kinds, and other curious messes, such as frog-spawn and stewed ants, cooked with chile; but more loathsome to us than even such as these, and strangest of all the strange compounds that went to make up the royal carte, was one highly-savored, and probably savory-smelling dish, so exquisitely prepared that its principal ingredient was completely disguised, yet that ingredient was nothing else than human flesh.

HABITS OF TIDINESS.—A man of experience and considerable ability was always unfortunate about keeping his situations, and getting new ones when out of place. He came one day to a rather plain-spoken friend for advice, and help, if he had any to give him.

The friend was an honest man, and not given to smoothing away even rather unpalatable truths. He plainly said:

"If you will follow my advice, I will put you in the way of earning a thousand dollars a year."

You may be sure the man was all attention, and quite ready to take advice.

"In the first place you must wash your face, neck, ears and hands thoroughly with soap and water, and brush your teeth twice a day. You must have your hair trimmed and nearly brushed always. You must put on a nice collar and necktie, black your shoes, and keep all your clothes scrupulously neat and clean."

The man thought of being affronted at first, but on cooler judgment he concluded to try the plan. He made himself tidy and presentable, and as he understood the business in which he desired a situation, he succeeded in securing the place, and what is better, in keeping it. His personal appearance became a letter of recommendation, "known and read of all men." Formerly it was anything but a recommendation.

There is no situation that I know of where a man or boy is thought better of for being slovenly—certainly no desirable situation. Habits are hard to break up, when they have been of long growth. No doubt this man found it up-hill work to reform all his old time habits, and nothing but the stern grip of necessity could impel him to take so much pains and trouble. Now, while you are young, boys, you can form whatever habits you please. By all means let habits of tidiness and good order be among the very foundation stones of your character.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—In personal appearance and habits, much of our success in life depends. There have been many instances where the soul shining through a maimed and deformed body, has conquered the adverse circumstances. This is far easier to do than to overcome an offensive or disagreeable trick of behavior. Society will accord its pity and sympathy to natural defects, but for acquired ones it only reserves its disgust.

Every reader will call to mind some person toward whom he or she has felt a repugnance almost unendurable, merely from an offensive habit, such as one has formed—sometimes a mere turn of the lip, a cast of the eye, or a peculiar inflection of the voice. Often a practice has been formed of clearing the throat, or spitting profusely about, or picking the ears or some other vulgar habit. These things will create a distaste for such persons in a fastidious mind; and, deny it if we may, or call it "squeamish," or "silly," we are all of us more or less fastidious.

It is the duty of every person to make himself agreeable to others. Most of these peculiarities of manner which create aversion are spontaneous in their origin, but become so habitual that we are unconscious of them. Many of them are formed in childhood—habits not easily removed in after years. While we cannot like everybody, or be loved by everybody in return, still we can take especial care that we do not make ourselves personally offensive by habits and ways that shock the delicate fastidiousness of those around us.

DAY OF REST.

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING

Slowly.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Welcome happy Sunday, Day of days the best, Gladly do we hail thee, Blessed day of rest.

CHEERFUL voices singing Joyous, grateful days, Angels bear them heav'nward Songs of love and praise.

Humbly, lowly bending
To the God above,
Prayers of saints ascending,
Thank Him for His love.

Thank Him for the Sabbath,
Holy day—and blest,
Best of all the seven,
Hallowed day of rest.

SUNDAY LESSONS.
FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

TEXT HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON XLI

Q.—What happened while Joseph Smith and Brother Whitney were at the tavern?

A.—Some one put poison in Joseph's food.

Q.—What effect did it have upon him?

A.—It nearly killed him.

Q.—What did he have done to obtain relief?

A.—Brother Whitney administered to him.

Q.—What was the result?

A.—He was instantly healed.

Q.—What did Joseph say for the blessing?

A.—He said, "thanks be to my Heavenly Father."

Q.—What made Joseph feel so thankful?

A.—Because the Lord healed him, and Brother Whitney also.

Q.—When did they reach Kirtland?

A.—In June.

Q.—How did Joseph chiefly spend his time during the summer?

A.—In translating the Scriptures.

Q.—What paper did the Saints commence to publish in June, 1832?

A.—The Evening and Morning Star.

Q.—Where was it published, and by whom?

A.—In Independence, Missouri, by W. W. Phelps.

Q.—Was this the first paper ever published in Upper Missouri?

A.—It was, and one hundred and twenty miles further west than any other paper in the States.

Q.—Who came to visit Joseph in November, 1832?

A.—President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Joseph Young.

The answer to the Enigma published in No. 19 is "HEZEKIAH." We have received correct solutions from J. England, Plain City; Isabella Walton, John Walton, Mill Creek; Chas. Lindholm, Toledo; George Peter, Fairview; Maria M. Miller, Richfield; Nancy H. Hunt, St. Charles; Enos L. Stookey, Shambaugh; Lily E. A. Duke, Margaret Sharp, Georgiana Romney, Hannah Hampton, Alice Tatum, Walter Harrow, Chas. Cuffell, Eddie Anderson, and Charles Reynolds, Salt Lake City.

CHARADE.

BY CHAS. REYNOLDS.

I am composed of twelve letters, and words I am two;
My first may be seen on the ocean so blue.
My second by my first is sometimes transferred
To parts where 'tis eaten by both old and my third.
My second, my third in the Bible will find,
Was saved by my first, or a craft of some kind.
Now join these words three, and my whole it will be—
The name of a man known to you and to me,
Who lived, not in ages that are now past and gone,
But breathes at the present, and in America was born.

PUZZLE.

My whole is gay, and sometimes witty,
Yet tells of pain; ah! more's the pity!
Behold me, and within me lies
A wondrous heap of merchandise;
Behold again, and I am known
In canvas, marble, wood or stone;
Sometimes I'm useful, sometimes fine,
Sometimes a base pretence is mine.

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